

Father for assistance, while my heart was far from the words I uttered.

I often felt grieved at my negligence, and often I was mortified beyond endurance. At the age of which I write, I was known to many of my friends as "Careless Fanny;" and my brother took especial delight in ironically calling me "Punctual Fanny." One day our good minister made us a short pastoral visit. As he was leaving the room, he laid his hand kindly upon my head, and, after giving me a few words of instruction, inquired if I would not endeavour to follow his advice. To possess the esteem of the minister was the height of my ambition, and I replied affirmatively to all of his requests, little heeding the instructions contained in them.

"She promises well," said my father, looking significantly at me. I understood the look, and blushed deeply; while, to add to my confusion, my brother William whispered in my ear, "But we had better not say anything about the performing part." I feared the minister had overheard my brother's remark; and then, what would he think of me? As he left the room, I laid my head in my mother's lap, and wept bitterly.

"My little daughter must strive not to merit these remarks," was all the consolation I re-